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## JAPANESE CURTAINS.

L. SMITH & CO. have just Purchased a Large Lot of these Articles at very Low Prices, and are now Offering them at 2/3, 3/3, 4/4, 6/4, 7/4, 8/4, 2/4, 14/4, & 30/- per pair.—6, JOHN DALTON STREET, MANCHESTER.

# THE CITY JACKDAW:

*A Humorous and Satirical Journal.*

VOL. IV.—No. 170.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1879.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## OUR FRIENDS THE ZULUS.

CETEWAYO and Chelmsford are engaged in mortal combat. Lord Chelmsford set out to kill King Cetewayo, but it almost looks as if King Cetewayo is going to turn the tables and kill Lord Chelmsford. What is it all about? Let us answer the question by culling information wherever we can get it.

Earlier even than Cetewayo's time, a boundary dispute, which continued steadily to increase in bitterness, had existed between the Zulus and the Transvaal Government. The Boers claimed possession of certain lands on the Blood river, an affluent of the Buffalo, which again is a northern tributary of the Tugela. The Zulus denied that any such grant had been made, and the Natal Government supported their contention. In spite of our remonstrances, the Boers proceeded to parcel off the land into farms, and we were barely able to restrain Cetewayo, who was burning for an opportunity of showing his prowess and testing the strength of his regiments, from vindicating his claims by force. He seemed to have reached the last limits of self-restraint when the Boers were found to be unable to cope with Secocoeni, on the northern frontier of the Transvaal, and our annexation of the Republic was made ostensibly to prevent a Zulu invasion of the country. Cetewayo seems to have expected that immediately on the British becoming masters of the country he would have his own again on the Blood river, and he made a military demonstration in that direction, which caused a number of the Boer settlers to abandon their farms. He reckoned, however, without his host, for Sir T. Shepstone had meanwhile discovered "the most incontrovertible, clear, and overwhelming evidence" that the land after all belonged to the Transvaal. For some time matters looked critical, and a Zulu outbreak at this time would have been particularly dangerous, as we were in the thick of our Galeka, Gaika, and other native difficulties. An arrangement was, however, come to. An inquiry was made into the question of right by a Commission consisting of British officials, who met at Rorke's drift, a little below the junction of the Blood and Buffalo rivers, and since made so memorable by the tragic affair of the 21st January. The award was to be given by Her Majesty's High Commissioner in South Africa (Sir Bartle Frere), and it is understood that the findings of the Boundary Commission—which confirmed the Zulu claims—have been before him since last spring. It is not known to what cause the delay in issuing the award is attributable, and, indeed, no official information on South African matters has been furnished later than 17th July last. Meanwhile, peace had been restored in the Transkei territory, and a definite settlement of that part of the native question seemed to be in a fair way to be made by the absorption of the last remnants of independent Kaffirland; and, on the other hand, matters had again become critical in the Transvaal, owing to the disaffection of the white inhabitants and the stout resistance offered by Secocoeni in his mountain fastnesses. Early in August an outrage took place on the Natal frontier, which was looked upon in the colony as indicating the intolerable pitch of insolence which the Zulus had reached. Two native women—refugees from Zululand—were kidnapped in Natal territory by a party of raiders, led by the sons of a chief named Usihayo, and carried across the border, where, it is alleged, they were murdered. A demand was immediately made for the delivery of the offenders to be tried under Colonial law, and for reparation for the offence. Cetewayo, however, made light of the matter, represented it as a boyish freak, and offered fifty cattle as compensation. Sir Bartle Frere now apparently made up his mind that the Zulu question must be settled at once. All the available troops in South Africa were massed on or near the frontier; the Natal Volunteers were called out, and the important step was taken of arming and disciplining bodies of the Colonial Zulus to act along with the regular forces. The time was now come for the announcement of the Boundary Award, and

the meeting between the British and Zulu envoys took place on the 11th December, at a point on the Natal side of the Tugela. The award, while finding that the land in dispute belonged of right to the Zulu king, provided that the farmers already settled in the territory should not be disturbed, while compensation should be made by Cetewayo to those who had fled. But a much more important document was the ultimatum, setting forth the conditions which the British Government thought "necessary for the establishment of a satisfactory state of things in the Zulu country, and for the peace and safety of the adjoining countries." This document, after describing the grievances we had against the Zulu king and nation, and the promises made at the installation ceremony, made peremptory demands for reparation and for reform, an answer being required within twenty days. Besides the fines and other punishments imposed as compensation for the frontier outrages, it was made a condition that a British resident, or residents, should be stationed within Zulu territory to see that Cetewayo's "coronation pledges" were properly carried out; and a memorandum by Sir Bartle Frere shows that the district for a circuit of two miles around the residencies should be declared British territory. The most important requirement in the ultimatum is, however, conveyed in the following words:—"It is necessary that the Zulu army, as it now is, shall be disbanded, and that the men shall return to their homes. Let the obligation on every able-bodied man to come out for the defence of his country, when it is needed, remain; but until then, let it be that every man shall live, if he pleases, quietly at his own home." The appointed time expired without Cetewayo complying with the demands thus made; that eleven additional days were granted, and that on the 11th of January, no notice having been taken by the Zulu king of the ultimatum, the British troops crossed the frontier. On that occasion Sir Bartle Frere issued a declaration, in which the outrage committed by Usihayo's sons was represented to be the immediate cause of the war, and no mention was made of the demands for the disbandment of the Zulu army and the stationing of residents. It also announced that the war was being waged not against the Zulu nation, but against Cetewayo alone.

As to the Zulus themselves, they are the leading Kaffir tribe. The term Kaffir, derived from the Arabic Kiafir, "an unbeliever," was originally applied by the Mahomedan inhabitants of the African East Coast to the native tribes living to the south of them, and it was afterwards adopted by the Portuguese to designate the inhabitants of the whole of the vast region extending south to the country of the Hottentots, now known as Cape Colony. The Kaffirs strictly, however, are a distinct race or family of the Aborigines, of a modified negro type, tall, well made, and generally handsome, dark-brown or bronze in colour, and with short woolly tufts of hair. They are described by travellers as brave, and, in times of peace, kind and hospitable to strangers, affectionate husbands and fathers, mentally acute and logical, and, as a general rule, honest, except, perhaps in the matter of cattle, which they have been brought up to regard as we do game. The general rule of the Kaffir chiefs is patriarchal, being assisted, however, by a number of councillors, whose advice is generally followed by the chief. The Kaffirs are strictly a pastoral people, and the men tend their herds exclusively, even to milking them, leaving to the women the labour of cultivating their gardens, building their huts, gathering fuel, &c. The ordinary costume now is a blanket, the former robe of softened ox hide being rarely seen. The huts, built of wattles stretched with grass, are of beehive shape, and a village or collection of them is called a "Kraal"—a word of Portuguese origin, signifying an enclosure. Polygamy is allowed, and the wives are generally purchased for cattle, which are to the Kaffirs what "the almighty dollar" is popularly supposed to be in the United States—the solution of every difficulty and the

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(Manufactured by Levenshulme.) are universally admitted to be the best and most palatable, and the only preparation to be relied on either for children or adults. 1d. each—7 for 6d.—and 1s. canisters—of all Chemists throughout the world.

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All votaries receives in a most friendly way,  
And the saint's regulations,  
By folk of all stations,  
Are looked on with such universal approval,  
That any attempt at disuse or removal  
Of the day set apart for his great anniversary  
Would be treated, I'm sure, in a manner quite curse-ory.  
Besides, on this day,  
Country people do say  
That each little singing bird chooses its mate,  
So who to the custom would prove an ingrate?  
And if the birds a'  
On Saint Valentine's law  
Look with such veneration and such feathered awe,  
Why not send a Valentine to a Jackdaw?

Now a Jackdaw, we know,  
Is a bird that's not slow,  
That fact Æsop taught us some centuries ago;  
He is fond of Miss Chief,  
And another belief  
Is commonly uttered that he's a young thief—  
But here I must say that it scarcely fair seems  
To condemn the whole breed for that rascal at Rheims,  
Who anathematised was with bell, book, and candle,  
For stealing a ring, and for causing great scandal  
In a Cardinal's house, though it seems that poor Jack  
Was Canonised after for bringing it back!  
But our *City Jackdaw's* a well-behaved bird,  
And acts in a manner not quite so absurd;  
And though getting small praise  
From the Tory blue jays,  
Who, following Buffon, Ray, Goldsmith, and Co.,  
Assert that a Jackdaw's a species of crow,  
It must be admitted by friend or by foe,  
That if no applause  
They award to Jackdaws,  
Yet they never were known to complain without cause!

And now unto those I have one word to say,  
On the dawn of another Saint Valentine's day,  
Who will purchase nice scented boxes, and things  
Decorated with Cupids with butterflies' wings,  
Where arrows are sticking through pretty red hearts  
With mottoes and ribands attached to the darts,  
Which are to deceive meant  
To utter bereavement  
By those who would boast of the noble achievement—  
The wings of the *Jackdaw* are stouter and stronger  
Than ever were Cupid's, their pinions are longer;  
More certain the darts which are shot from his bow  
Than ever Dan Cupid's weak arrows could go;  
For his bow is well made,  
Its string is unfrayed,  
And the unerring shaft there are none can evade:  
The smooth, rounded arrow from Truth's sapling cut,  
And pointed by Satire it flies to its butt,  
And a mighty thing  
Is the feathered sting,  
When the arrow is fiedged from the *Jackdaw's* wing!

Now unto the wise,  
Whose well-judging eyes  
Have, like the small singing-birds, chosen the mate  
With whom, as life's partner, they'd co-operate—  
Waste not your time in a flimsy gew-gaw,  
But take the advice of your friend the *Jackdaw*—  
It is not sugared note  
Wherein you may quote  
From Tennyson, Byron, or others remote;  
It is not golden darts,  
Piercing little red hearts,  
Which can add any force to a manly appeal,  
Or give an affect to the tale you'd reveal;  
But, if you'd succeed  
(Which you may do, indeed),  
In acceptable making the cause you would plead,  
Add a wonderful charm to the love-song you sing,  
By writing it when  
You have fashioned a pen  
From a plume that is plucked from the *Jackdaw's* wing!

**DEBT BUYING & COLLECTING.** Messrs. FERRAN NEPHEW, & CO., Manchester Chambers, 45, Market Street, Manchester, PURCHASE or (for a small commission on actual receipts only) COLLECT, personally defraying all law expenses found necessary. Detailed list sent, or invitation to call, will receive immediate attention.—CASH PAID ANY WEDNESDAY.

## "WHOLESOME AMUSEMENTS."

THE Middlesex magistrates, the other day, waited upon the Home Secretary to inquire into the practicability of prosecuting Music Hall keepers, and others, for "harbouring prostitutes." The honourable gentleman "quite agreed that the wholesome amusements of the people should not be diminished." Such is the phraseology of the newspaper report of the interview. The ludicrous and the serious view of a most important national question are herein placed in close proximity by the reporter in a most charmingly simple manner. Perhaps the Home Secretary has read of the "trials, troubles, and other amusements" of Elizer Goff, and may imagine that "harbouring prostitutes" is one of the "wholesome amusements" provided for the public delectation by the Music Hall proprietors of London. But, remembering that the Home Secretary is a Lancashire man, we are forced to the conclusion that the reporter has simply blundered in his way of telling the tale of the interview, since none of the amusements of this county can properly be described as harbouring bad characters.

However, this same harbouring of prostitutes is not unknown in Manchester by any means, and the Music Halls and public-houses in this city are literally infested by these characters, who pass with a brazen impudence perfectly shocking. But our quarrel is principally with the proprietors of the houses where these bad characters congregate, and with the police who neglect to report such houses. It is perfectly clear that the total extinction of the social evil is a matter of impossibility to the police, but that is another and far different matter to winking at the establishment of so many Rialtos of infamy, where the fast young men of our city may make their assignations with the brazen beauties who are unfortunately too ready to spread disease and death wherever their pestilential influence is felt.

It is needless to point out that no publican can refuse to serve or cause to be served with liquor, prostitutes as well as their male companions, but the scandalous conduct allowed in the houses referred to can only be believed when seen, and it is equally needless to remark that the publicans can always check this conduct when they desire to do so. That many public-houses are noted for the attendance of prostitutes is notorious, and many of such houses are owned by men of the highest position in this city. This fact, for it is a fact, seems to point to the cause of the silence of the police. Walking down London Road, or Oxford Road, any night after nine o'clock, will make the visitor perfectly well acquainted with these Augean stables of immorality. It must not, however, be supposed that on these roads are to be found the lowest class of fallen women; no, they are rather the aristocracy of their order, and to the uninitiated might be taken as elegant ladies, dashed with a spice of abandon in their conduct. It is only at the hour of "high change," about half-past ten at night, that these Golgothas of painted misery are to be seen in all the drunken gorgeousness of their tawdry finery. These sights go on from Sunday to Sunday again, and from January to December, yet nothing is done by the licensing magistrates, nor yet by the clergy of the Church, to cut out this huge wen in the national body. Have the clergy lost belief in the propriety of the prayer "lead us not into temptation?" There is no doubt that thousands have fallen through temptation at these places of "wholesome amusement," and they sadly need "the sweeping brush of reformation applied by the strong arm of zeal."

It is not that any violent attempt at the moral reformation of the people should be made through the agency of the police, but that public vice should be repressed, and compelled to fly to haunts unknown to respectable people. Thus one evil of itself—the accosting of ladies in the streets—would be well-nigh abolished at once. As matters now stand, public indecency in our streets is so common as to cause thoughtful men to ponder the serious question of the future well-being of their own daughters. On the principle that we do not feel unknown losses, so private immorality must be much less hurtful than public vice.

WERE you in the Paris Lottery? If so, how did you fare? Fate seems to have favoured the lowly and the poor. One French paper states that Mlle. Marie Hourne, who is engaged as an ironer in a laundry in Rue d'Isly, in the town of Algiers, is the lucky owner of the ticket No. 55,582, which wins a diamond necklace worth £2,000. An English mechanic claims a set of studs worth £400. The number of his ticket has not transpired. A workman from Basle has presented himself to M. Marteau as the winner of the grand organ by Cavaillcoll. The instrument is worth £1,000.

## A GRECIAN DINNER-PARTY.

YE entertainers of the modern day,  
Researches in antiquity repay  
The reader sometimes. Will ye bear with me  
If I relate what customs used to be  
When Jome Atrénian would play the host  
And do his best to please each guest the most?  
Well, first the invitation must be sent,  
In Greek the *clesis*, and this always went  
Stating the hour appointed to the guest  
By bearer called the *cleter*. It was best  
To wait till you were asked, and not to go  
Without your *clesis*, tho' the poets show  
That Menelaus Agamemnon's feast  
Attended uninvited. Still the least  
Relationship would authorise the act,  
Providing you but used the right with tact,  
But once abuse such hospitality  
They'd call you *muia*, which is Greek for "fly."  
Now for the fable made of solid wood  
With coloured feet. On it is set the food,  
But not on linen. Slaves had all that day  
With moistened sponge been polishing away.  
The *diphros* was a chair designed for two,  
The *thronos*, which entailed a footstool too,  
Was more upright and of a higher rank,  
The *clismos* more reclining, like a bank.  
Now we will leave the wisely-chosen man  
To seat the guests correctly if he can.  
In English *nominator* 'd be his name,  
Tho' not the Greek, it's pretty much the same.  
The guests, of course, would be arrayed in white,  
Or some light colour, made still farther bright  
By flowers. Cicero says, so far back,  
"What guest was ever found to sup in black?"  
A catalogue of every coming dish  
Was given to the host, and at the wish  
Of any guest; so can this be the true  
And earliest origin of our *ménue*?  
Three courses were *de rigueur* in the meal,  
The *prossoma's* the first I will reveal.  
At Athens oysters, eggs, and sharpish herbs,  
And any hottish relish which disturbs  
And piques the appetite, compose this course,  
Beguiled with cunning wine, and like discourse.  
And there, too, would the not unfrequent dish  
Entice you with the very best of fish.  
Next comes the *deipnon*, coupling what we call  
Removes and entrées, only not so small  
Was their selection, for they'd roasted meats  
And honest dishes, let alone the treats.  
The third and last course, very strange to say  
Entitled second, in the Grecian way,  
Was very splendid, and embraced both fruit,  
The best of pastry, and sweetmeats to boot.  
And here the youthful reader may be glad  
To know that even formerly they had  
Things "only to be looked at, if you please,"  
And these were called the *epideiporides*.  
Meanwhile the cups would frequently pass round,  
But always to the right hand, firstly bound  
To pledge the gods and then drink absent friends,  
A cup for every letter, as depends.  
And when at last the banquet would be o'er  
A hymn be sung, prayer offered as before,  
Then for diversions. Some would tell a tale,  
And some recite a poem, others fail,  
Or guess aright enigmas, while the lute  
Or harp was tuned. The younger ones dispute  
In friendly contests at the *cottabus*—  
A game not very suitable for us—  
While elder people would discuss affairs  
Of greatest moment, till some one declares  
The lamp of day declined beneath the deep,  
Thus heralding the advent hours of sleep.  
And so, at last, the guests would speed away,  
Leaving the few in waiting on the day,  
Who strove to keep awake and win the prize,  
Or *puramous*, that none would then despise,  
Tho' cakes of honey, sesame, or wheat,  
Would hardly please us for that tiring feat.  
Then I'll not ask a cake—this prize be mine,  
That I have told you how a Greek might dine,  
And have amused, not bored you, all the while—  
Then make assurance doubly sure, and smile!

salve for every injury. Kafirland now is conventionally supposed to comprise the whole of the coast country extending from Sofala and Delagoa Bay, in the north, to the Great Fish River, the former boundary of Cape Colony, in the south; but a considerable part of this territory, including Natal, British Kaffraria, and the Transvaal, are now incorporated in our colonial possessions, and the independent Kafirs probably do not number in the aggregate more than a quarter of a million out of a total of more than two millions.

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And the unerring shaft there are none can evade:  
The smooth, rounded arrow from Truth's sapling cut,  
And pointed by Satire it flies to its butt,  
And a mighty thing  
Is the feathered sting,  
When the arrow is fledged from the *Jackdaw's* wing!

Now unto the wise,  
Whose well-judging eyes  
Have, like the small singing-birds, chosen the mate  
With whom, as life's partner, they'd co-operate—  
Waste not your time in a flimsy gew-gaw,  
But take the advice of your friend the *Jackdaw*—  
It is not sugared note  
Wherein you may quote  
From Tennyson, Byron, or others remote;  
It is not golden darts,  
Piercing little red hearts,  
Which can add any force to a manly appeal,  
Or give an affect to the tale you'd reveal;  
But, if you'd succeed  
(Which you may do, indeed),  
In acceptable making the *cause* you would plead,  
Add a wonderful charm to the love-song you sing,  
By writing it when  
You have fashioned a pen  
From a plume that is plucked from the *Jackdaw's* wing!

### DEBT BUYING & COLLECTING.

Messrs. FERRAN NEPHEW, & CO., Manchester Chambers, 46, Market Street, Manchester, PURCHASE or (for a small commission on actual receipts only) COLLECT, personally defraying all law expenses found necessary. Detailed list sent, or invitation to call, will receive immediate attention.—CASH PAID ANY WEDNESDAY.

## "WHOLESOME AMUSEMENTS."

THE Middlesex magistrates, the other day, waited upon the Home Secretary to inquire into the practicability of prosecuting Music Hall keepers, and others, for "harbouring prostitutes." The honourable gentleman "quite agreed that the wholesome amusements of the people should not be diminished." Such is the phraseology of the newspaper report of the interview. The ludicrous and the serious view of a most important national question are herein placed in close proximity by the reporter in a most charmingly simple manner. Perhaps the Home Secretary has read of the "trials, troubles, and other amusements" of Elizer Goff, and may imagine that "harbouring prostitutes" is one of the "wholesome amusements" provided for the public delectation by the Music Hall proprietors of London. But, remembering that the Home Secretary is a Lancashire man, we are forced to the conclusion that the reporter has simply blundered in his way of telling the tale of the interview, since none of the amusements of this county can properly be described as harbouring bad characters.

However, this same harbouring of prostitutes is not unknown in Manchester by any means, and the Music Halls and public-houses in this city are literally infested by these characters, who pass with a brazen impudence perfectly shocking. But our quarrel is principally with the proprietors of the houses where these bad characters congregate, and with the police who neglect to report such houses. It is perfectly clear that the total extinction of the social evil is a matter of impossibility to the police, but that is another and far different matter to winking at the establishment of so many Rialtos of infamy, where the fast young men of our city may make their assignations with the brazen beauties who are unfortunately too ready to spread disease and death wherever their pestilential influence is felt.

It is needless to point out that no publican can refuse to serve or cause to be served with liquor, prostitutes as well as their male companions, but the scandalous conduct allowed in the houses referred to can only be believed when seen, and it is equally needless to remark that the publicans can always check this conduct when they desire to do so. That many public-houses are noted for the attendance of prostitutes is notorious, and many of such houses are owned by men of the highest position in this city. This fact, for it is a fact, seems to point to the cause of the silence of the police. Walking down London Road, or Oxford Road, any night after nine o'clock, will make the visitor perfectly well acquainted with these Augean stables of immorality. It must not, however, be supposed that on these roads are to be found the lowest class of fallen women; no, they are rather the aristocracy of their order, and to the uninitiated might be taken as elegant ladies, dashed with a spice of abandon in their conduct. It is only at the hour of "high change," about half-past ten at night, that these Golgothas of painted misery are to be seen in all the drunken gorgeousness of their tawdry finery. These sights go on from Sunday to Sunday again, and from January to December, yet nothing is done by the licensing magistrates, nor yet by the clergy of the Church, to cut out this huge wen in the national body. Have the clergy lost belief in the propriety of the prayer "lead us not into temptation?" There is no doubt that thousands have fallen through temptation at these places of "wholesome amusement," and they sadly need "the sweeping brush of reformation applied by the strong arm of zeal."

It is not that any violent attempt at the moral reformation of the people should be made through the agency of the police, but that public vice should be repressed, and compelled to fly to haunts unknown to respectable people. Thus one evil of itself—the accosting of ladies in the streets—would be well-nigh abolished at once. As matters now stand, public indecency in our streets is so common as to cause thoughtful men to ponder the serious question of the future well-being of their own daughters. On the principle that we do not feel unknown losses, so private immorality must be much less hurtful than public vice.

WERE you in the Paris Lottery? If so, how did you fare? Fate seems to have favoured the lowly and the poor. One French paper states that Mdlle. Marie Hourne, who is engaged as an ironer in a laundry in Rue d'Isly, in the town of Algiers, is the lucky owner of the ticket No. 55,582, which wins a diamond necklace worth £2,000. An English mechanic claims a set of studs worth £400. The number of his ticket has not transpired. A workman from Basle has presented himself to M. Marteau as the winner of the grand organ by Cavaillecoll. The instrument is worth £1,000.

## A GRECIAN DINNER-PARTY.

YE entertainers of the modern day,  
Researches in antiquity repay  
The reader sometimes. Will ye bear with me  
If I relate what customs used to be  
When Jome Atrénian would play the host  
And do his best to please each guest the most?  
Well, first the invitation must be sent,  
In Greek the *clesis*, and this always went  
Stating the hour appointed to the guest  
By bearer called the *cleter*. It was best  
To wait till you were asked, and not to go  
Without your *clesis*, tho' the poets show  
That Menelaus Agamemnon's feast  
Attended uninvited. Still the least  
Relationship would authorise the act,  
Providing you but used the right with tact,  
But once abuse such hospitality  
They'd call you *muia*, which is Greek for "fly."  
Now for the table made of solid wood  
With coloured feet. On it is set the food,  
But not on linen. Slaves had all that day  
With moistened sponge been polishing away.  
The *diphros* was a chair designed for two,  
The *thronos*, which entailed a footstool too,  
Was more upright and of a higher rank,  
The *clismos* more reclining, like a bank.  
Now we will leave the wisely-chosen man  
To seat the guests correctly if he can.  
In English *nominator* 'd be his name,  
Tho' not the Greek, it's pretty much the same.  
The guests, of course, would be arrayed in white,  
Or some light colour, made still further bright  
By flowers. Cicero says, so far back,  
"What guest was ever found to sup in black?"  
A catalogue of every coming dish  
Was given to the host, and at the wish  
Of any guest; so can this be the true  
And earliest origin of our *ménue*?  
Three courses were *de rigueur* in the meal,  
The *prossoma's* the first I will reveal.  
At Athens oysters, eggs, and sharpish herbs,  
And any hottish relish which disturbs  
And piques the appetite, compose this course,  
Beguiled with cunning wine, and like discourse.  
And there, too, would the not unfrequent dish  
Entice you with the very best of fish.  
Next comes the *deipnon*, coupling what we call  
Removes and entrées, only not so small  
Was their selection, for they'd roasted meats  
And honest dishes, let alone the treats.  
The third and last course, very strange to say  
Entitled second, in the Grecian way,  
Was very splendid, and embraced both fruit,  
The best of pastry, and sweetmeats to boot.  
And here the youthful reader may be glad  
To know that even formerly they had  
Things "only to be looked at, if you please,"  
And these were called the *epideiporides*.  
Meanwhile the cups would frequently pass round,  
But always to the right hand, firstly bound  
To pledge the gods and then drink absent friends,  
A cup for every letter, as depends.  
And when at last the banquet would be o'er  
A hymn be sung, prayer offered as before,  
Then for diversions. Some would tell a tale,  
And some recite a poem, others fail,  
Or guess aright enigmas, while the lute  
Or harp was tuned. The younger ones dispute  
In friendly contests at the *cottabus*—  
A game not very suitable for us—  
While elder people would discuss affairs  
Of greatest moment, till some one declares  
The lamp of day declined beneath the deep,  
Thus heralding the advent hours of sleep.  
And so, at last, the guests would speed away,  
Leaving the few in waiting on the day,  
Who strove to keep awake and win the prize,  
Or *puranous*, that none would then despise,  
Tho' cakes of honey, sesame, or wheat,  
Would hardly please us for that tiring feat.  
Then I'll not ask a cake—this prize be mine,  
That I have told you how a Greek might dine,  
And have amused, not bored you, all the while—  
Then make assurance doubly sure, and smile!



Persons who wish to see the *City Jackdaw* regularly are respectfully recommended to order it of their Newsagents, otherwise, they may be, and often are, disappointed in not being able to obtain copies. Or, it will be sent by post from the Publishing Office, 51, Spear Street, Manchester, every week for half-a-year on payment of 3s. 3d. in advance, being posted in time for delivery at any address each Friday morning.

#### WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

THAT the disaster to our arms in Zululand has sent a terrible thrill through the British Empire.

That all was lost, even the colours of the gallant 24th.

That, according to the telegrams, our little force must have stood their ground like heroes, for it is said that five thousand Zulus were left dead on this new Golgotha.

That—what could one thousand do against twenty thousand?

That they might, and would, have done a good deal had they not been taken by surprise and caught in a trap.

That—as usual—some one must have blundered.

That we may know some day who it is that was to blame.

That—for one thing—it is worse than foolish, it is criminal, to attempt to overrun Continents with a few emasculated battalions.

That Cetewayo is not going to be so easily disposed of as Shere Ali was—that is, supposing we are finally done with the Ameer.

That people at home may now begin to ask themselves what this Zulu War is all about.

That they will probably find that we are in search of a "scientific frontier" in Africa as well as in Asia.

That they will discover this, at least, that Sir Bartle Frere has had much to do with the Zulu War, just as he had much to do with the Afghan War.

That they will also ascertain that we made demands of Cetewayo which neither he nor any sovereign on earth could possibly grant.

That we insisted upon him disbanding his entire Army!

That the Zulus knew what that meant, and, as we now see, they will fight accordingly.

That our own P. D. says the motto of the King of the Zulus is "Get-away-you."

That the House of Commons reassembled yesterday.

That the *Times* says one of the first measures which will be laid before Parliament will be the new Mutiny and Army Discipline Bill.

That the adoption of such a measure would sooner or later withdraw both the Army and Navy from the control of the House of Commons.

That—say what you like—Personal Rule is the order of the day; and it will continue to be so while Beaconsfield stands nearest to the Throne.

That, as everybody knows, the Rev. J. R. O. West extinguished "Verax" some time ago.

That—who would have thought it?—Mr. James Croston and Mr. W. Touchstone are actually amusing themselves by kicking poor "Verax" when he is down.

That very likely "Verax" enjoys it.

That it is a high honour to be opposed and abused and blackguarded by some men.

That the Northern Church Defence Association is an exceedingly powerful body.

That, according to the *Examiner*, as many as ten persons attended its annual meeting on Monday.

That Croston, and Berger, and Touchstone, and Farthing were the great orators on the occasion.

That, recognising the importance of the occasion and the eternal fitness of things, the *Courier* should have devoted at least six of its valuable columns to its report of the proceedings.

That the butcher's apprentice of Bridgewater Street, Broughton Road, is not Yate out of his time, but about another month would make him the best journeyman butcher in Salford.

That the baker of the same establishment handled the loaves as if he was bread to the trade, you may bet Gills on that.

That the cook went about his business as if his Hart was in his Chops.

That the whole affair has ended in a Fizz and a smoke.

That the premises at the corner of Quay Street and Deansgate, intended to be opened as the "Grecian," have been turned into a Coffee Tavern.

That, for reasons which it is unnecessary to state, this is a splendid transformation.

That the Coffee Tavern Company deserve every encouragement.

#### RAILWAY ECONOMY.

WE learn on the best authority (that of the *Birmingham Town Crier*, to wit) that at a recent meeting of Railway Managers the following sweeping reductions were resolved upon:—

Foot warmers shall only be heated with lukewarm water, instead of hot, to save expense.

That station-masters shall only have silver lace, instead of gold, upon their official caps.

That foot warmers shall only be, in future, provided during the months of June, July, August, and September, and then only if they are wanted.

That the names of stations be only called out once by porters, instead of twice as before, and that their (the porters') wages be reduced in consequence of this reduction of their duties.

That passengers be required to keep any pieces snipped out of their tickets, and give them up at the end of their journey. Tickets will only be issued subject to this condition.

That passengers be charged extra when trains are late, according to the extra time they occupy the carriages.

That all passengers pay if they go to sleep during a journey. Sleeping tickets will be issued at all ticket offices. Nap tickets will be issued at half-price.

Passengers reading in the course of a journey to take readers' tickets, which will be issued at the principal booking offices.

The Companies do not intend their carriages in future to be turned into reading-rooms or bed chambers, without extra pay.

In future the carriage windows will be fixed open during the winter months, and closed during the summer, passengers wishing to put the windows up or down must pay extra.

The carriage lamps in future will be put out on moonlight nights, and not lit on dark evenings, to save expense.

The uniforms of porters and guards, in future, to have no buttons, and in case retrenchment is necessary the button holes will be discontinued.

The wages of all pointmen, porters, and guards, to be reduced at once to starvation point.

A suggestion was made that, during the present depressed state of trade, the fees of directors should be slightly reduced, but the idea was rejected as being too barbarous, and altogether too inhuman for consideration.

## A CHAT ABOUT THE OLD ROMANS.

[BY A STUDENT OF HISTORY.]

THE greatness of the ancient Roman nation and the wisdom of the leading citizens stood out prominently in the constitution of the country. People in a state of barbarism have no true standards of justice—no just laws for regulating the affairs between man and man.

"For why? Because the good old rule  
Sufficeth them; the simple plan,  
That they should take who have the power  
And they should keep who can."

This was not the condition of the Romans at the zenith of their greatness. On the contrary, they had a very full code of laws, which in a large measure possessed a righteous character. All national affairs were managed by the *Comitia* or parliament, a representative body which usually met in one of the temples. The Romans tried to do everything religiously, and we, therefore, find that, before taking his seat, each senator paid his devotions, "with an offering of frankincense and wine," to the god in whose temple they assembled. An ancient writer states that the *Comitia* did not always meet in a temple, for he says that "when a report was brought that an ox had spoken, the senate was held under the open air;" and it would seem that the oxen of these times were frequently in the habit of giving utterance to the thoughts within them—inspired, doubtless, by one of the deities. The number of senators varied from one hundred to one thousand. They belonged chiefly to the wealthy classes, and certain persons were prohibited by the law from enjoying that dignity. The dictators or emperors not seldom endeavoured to force their own views upon the *Comitia*. Caesar on one occasion ordered Cato to be imprisoned for making a too long speech in opposition to his opinions; but the house resented such tyranny by everyone rising and following Cato to prison. The harsh order had to be re-called.

The population was divided into three distinct classes—the patricians or nobles, the plebians or commoners, and slaves. An excellence of their constitution, however, lay in the relation that subsisted between the patricians and plebians. Each person of the latter class chose as his patron one belonging to the rank of patricians, and they rendered mutual services to each other. The noble gave his advice, assistance and protection, and the commoner served his superior as occasion required.

But slavery was painfully prevalent among the Romans. Some were slaves by birth, others by purchase, a third class became slaves by being captured in war, and a fourth were degraded from being freemen into the position of slaves as a punishment for certain offences. Not a few of the wealthy Romans possessed several thousand serfs. There was always a market in the city for the sale of slaves, who were there exposed in a state of nudity. Round the necks of each hung a scroll on which were set forth their good and bad qualities. Foreign slaves had their ears bored. Parents were allowed to sell their children as slaves. Their owners could even put them to death without trial. Slaves, in fact, were not counted men and women, but things, and could be transferred from one person to another; the same as other "effects." Although it was possible, but rather difficult, for them to regain their liberty, there can be no doubt that the institution of slavery was one of the dark spots in the constitution of the country. Careful measures were taken to prevent them from taking arms to assert their freedom. In order that their actual numbers might be concealed from themselves, they were dressed after the same fashion as the common people. The owning of slaves was so common among the Romans that few—if any—of the freemen could say:—

"I would not have a slave to till my ground,  
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep.  
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth  
That sinews bought and sold have ever earned.  
No: dear as freedom is, and in my heart's  
Just estimation prized above all price,  
I had much rather be myself the slave,  
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him."

But the wealthy people had their good features as well as their faults. They were very charitable in relieving their fallen brethren. We learn that on the occasion of all special entertainments every poor person who applied received the sum of 1s. 7d. If they built no asylums, infirmaries, workhouses, orphanages, or hospitals, they had what many are now inclined to regard as calculated far better to answer the purpose of such modern institutions—unostentatious, personal charity. The rich considered

it their duty to administer to the necessities of the poor, and they conscientiously allowed the belief to develop itself into beneficent action and open-handed well-doing.

Taxes were imposed on each Roman in proportion to the value of his possessions and the amount of his income. A census was taken every fifth year, and on such occasions every person was expected to give a conscientious return of their worth in property and money.

With them, judicial proceedings were conducted much in the same manner as among ourselves at the present day. Even trial by jury—that great preservative against despotism—was not unknown to them. At first, lawyers gave advice gratis; but subsequently they began to make charges. Great abuses followed and the emperors frequently deemed it their duty to interfere to protect the people against the legal fraternity. Persons of infamous character could not be examined as witnesses. Sometimes slaves had to give evidence against their will. They were compelled to do so by the infliction of fearful tortures, such as stretching their bodies until nearly all their joints were dislocated. For certain offences the accused were tried by the people, as in the case of our Saviour. Originally, persons convicted of a capital offence were executed at once, but Tiberius made a decree that the law should not be carried out until ten days after the sentence of death was passed. The object of this was that the emperors might have an opportunity of commuting the sentence if they thought right. Slaves who had been sentenced were first scourged and then crucified, with an inscription on their breast setting forth their crime. It was in obedience to this law that Pilate placed the superscription on the cross of Jesus. Disgracing criminals was a punishment often inflicted—the motive apparently being akin to that which induced our ancestors to place the stocks for offenders in public places, and to the practice among a people in South America of carting drunkards through the streets as fit objects of ridicule, reproach, and contempt. Perhaps we have too little of this kind of punishment in England at the present time. There are some natures that can be most severely punished and led to repentance through being publicly shamed, who are indifferent to money penalties and short terms of imprisonment. Any judicious schoolmaster avails himself of this fact. While corporal punishment is best for some lads, others are most severely dealt with by being affronted in the presence of their schoolmates. Men are but boys in this respect; and, when they forget to act as men, it might be well for our own dispensers of justice to have the power of shaming them into better behaviour. Sometimes the Roman judges condemned the guilty to encounter wild beasts or gladiators in the amphitheatre, while others were doomed in after life to act as scavengers. Persons convicted of the murder of a near relative were sewed up in a sack, having as their companions a dog, a cock, a viper, and an ape. The menagerie, along with their keepers, was then cast into the sea or a deep river.

## THE BOTTLE AND THE BIBLE.

THE New Brewery Company, Carlisle, proposes to take over the New Brewery at Carlisle, and the business carried on there under the name of James Mounsey and Co. It was registered on the 1st inst., with a capital of £36,697, divided into 5,241 paid-up shares of £7 each, which are allotted as follows:—

	Shares.
George Mounsey, Kingsfield, landed proprietor .....	1165
Thomas Watson Jackson, Carlisle, Fellow of Worcester College, Oxford .....	1187
Rev. John Monkhouse, Church Oakley Rectory, Hants .....	
William Pattinson, Carlisle, brewer .....	740
Thomas Watson Jackson, Carlisle, brewer .....	710
Rev. John Monkhouse, Church Oakley .....	665
Michael Falcon, Stamburn, landed proprietor .....	330
J. P. Westray, 112, Fenchurch Street, shipbroker .....	
John Westray, Middlesboro'-on-Tees, broker .....	271
Isabella Scott Newby, Mayfoot, spinster .....	67
Henry Amos Hall, 38, Chetwynd Road, London, merchant ..	60
Rev. Thomas Younger, 21, St. Andrew's Road, Plaistow, clerk in holy orders .....	33
Isabella Younger, wife of the above .....	
Margaret Scott, 21, St. Andrew's Road, Plaistow, spinster ..	33

It thus appears that 1,885 shares in this brewery company are held by Church of England parsons. How becoming it is to see the Bottle and the Bible blending together so nicely!

## STARVATION!

[FROM DIFFERENT POINTS OF VIEW.]

THE STARVING (*From various parts of this mighty nation*):—

We're starving, starving! oh, give us bread,  
Our wives and children have nought to eat!  
We've no employment—we almost dread  
To lurk in the daylight about the street.  
Our feet are shoeless—our tattered clothes  
Protect us not from the bitter blast;  
We huddle together, when'er it blows!  
How long, O God, will this misery last?

JINGO JOURNALS:—

We have recently read some absurd remarks  
Some papers are making about the poor!  
'Tis the latest edition of Liberal "larks,"  
This starvation-dodge, the flats to allure.  
They're nothing but fiction, these dreadful scenes,  
An elaborate joke is this said distress.  
Go, whisper the tale to the bold marines!  
But don't tell such things to the Premier's Press!

NOBLE LORD (*Condescending to write to daily papers*):—

Bay Jove! In Belgravia, I was born,  
Descended from nobles of high degree.  
I look on this cwy of distress with scorn—  
Distress! why it nevah has bothawed me!  
Widiculous "wot!" 'Tis a plan to feed  
A numbah of ndolent wogues, I'm sure.  
Talk of the pangs of the poor, indeed?  
I'll nevah believe there are any poor!

JINGO JOURNALS (*again*):—

We have read with the greatest amount of glee,  
Lord Donothing's letter on this affair.  
And here we desire to observe that we  
Concur with his Lordship's ideas—so there!  
What! talk about poverty-haunted nooks,  
In a nation where Beaconsfield rules—oh, yes?  
That narrative may do for story-books,  
But don't tell such things to the Premier's Press.

OURSELVES:—

There was One who remarked, years ago, recollect,  
"Whatever ye've done for the least of these  
Ye've done unto Me!" (or to that effect)—  
Read the passage, ye owners of pedigrees!

All honour to you, who have helped the poor;  
You know there is One who your work will bless.  
Go on in the cause, your reward is sure,  
Notwithstanding the "nobs" and the Jingo Press!

## A MODERN MIRACLE.

VICTORIA C. WOODHALL, the American advocate of Free Love and the like, must be coming to Manchester again, else why has she sent me a pamphlet containing her life, and entitled "Paradise Found?" If one is to believe all that is said in the pamphlet, Victoria is one of the greatest and best women that ever trod this earth. Here is one short extract:—"One day, during the severe illness of her son, she left him to visit her parents, and, on her return, was startled with the news that the boy had died two hours before. 'No!' she exclaimed, 'I will not permit his death.' And with frantic energy she stripped her bosom naked, caught up his lifeless form, pressed it to her own, and sitting thus, flesh to flesh, glided insensibly into a trance, in which she remained seven hours, at the end of which time she awoke; a perspiration started from his clammy skin, and the child that had been thought dead was brought back again to life—and lives to this day."

## AN ESTIMATE OF PEACE.

WE cull the following "choice extracts" from the leading article in the *Salford Chronicle* on Saturday last. Our readers will note, with admiration, not only the elegance of diction but how excellently well preserved is the homogeneity of the epithets used in describing the Banner Cross murderer. "Peace, a devil incarnate, with a lying name, has this week been seized by his fellow-men, and relegated to the doom decreed by the Supreme for those who shed man's blood." That "despicable felon's" case "is on a level with those of the most desperate of criminals; and there is added to Peace's exploits the daring and diablerie of the 'dashing highwayman!'" He has revived "the feats of a Turpin, and over the very field of that daring villain's fame," a locality infested by "smaller vermin of his own bad kidney." "A meed of admiration" cannot, however, be "withheld from one who, when dogged by a limb of the law (!) coolly walked into and passed through Scotland Yard." "Still all this fails to account for the eager curiosity of crowds who had a possible opportunity to set their eyes on him, or for the inquisitiveness exhibited respecting every step of the changes required by the exigencies of his transfer from the frying-pan of penal servitude into the fire of the final asphyxia of the felon's doom, by which the law's ultimate executioner transfers the spirit of the culprit to the judgment bar of the Eternal." "We may not stop at present (why?) to propound the remedies for this state of things; our present object is rather to investigate and comment on the reasons which have raised a man (not a "devil") who has hardly one fair spot on his character, or one known incident in his career which is not stamped with villainy, to the position of the hero of the hour." Then, in order still further to gratify the morbid tastes of his readers, the writer proceeds:—"The lowest manifestation of this unhealthy moral tone, is the desire of some people to possess any trumpery article connected with the murderer, to shrink from and avoid which, we should have thought it enough to know that it had been contaminated with his touch. We believe his musical instruments have fetched fabulous prices; and we can readily believe that they have been purchased by some showman, collecting a reliquary of the miscreant, so as to profit by the diseased condition of society which we have deprecated. We have heard that the rope by which the malefactor Burke was hanged was sold at a guinea an inch; we fear it is quite possible for Marwood to add materially to the fortune he makes by his ghastly profession, by setting up as merchant for the nonce, on very small capital and very limited stock." Allusion is made to the days of public executions and "the incongruous merriment of the assembled blackguardism," after which we are reminded that the "victim of the gallows" is now "ostracised by society and consigned, only in the sight of a few unsympathising members of the Press, to the death of a dog." The whole is wound up thus:—"On account of the public, too, there is every reason to rejoice that their supreme opportunity for gratifying a morbid sentiment is for all future time impossible. Under the old regime we should now have had to endure the public scandal of organised excursion trains, which would have been patronised by too many thousands to have made it possible for the rapacity of railway managers to resist, and in the 'dree' weather of this dreadful winter the death of one would have been the death of many." And this is the sort of rubbish which this Conservative journal deals out to its constituents week after week! Why wonder that there are so many scoundrels and Tories in that enlightened borough? Salford can boast of a Tory Mayor, a Tory Town Council, a host of Tory officials, two Tory Members of Parliament, and—highest boon of all—a genuine Tory weekly. Happy, happy Salford!

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## STARVATION!

[FROM DIFFERENT POINTS OF VIEW.]

THE STARVING (From various parts of this mighty nation):—

We're starving, starving! oh, give us bread,  
Our wives and children have nought to eat!  
We've no employment—we almost dread  
To lurk in the daylight about the street.  
Our feet are shoeless—our tattered clothes  
Protect us not from the bitter blast;  
We huddle together, when'er it blows!  
How long, O God, will this misery last?

JINGO JOURNALS:—

We have recently read some absurd remarks  
Some papers are making about the poor!  
'Tis the latest edition of Liberal "larks,"  
This starvation-dodge, the flats to allure.  
They're nothing but fiction, these dreadful scenes,  
An elaborate joke is this said distress.  
Go, whisper the tale to the bold marines!  
But don't tell such things to the Premier's Press!

NOBLE LORD (Condescending to write to daily papers):—

Bay Jove! In Belgraviah, I was born,  
Descended from nobles of high degree.  
I look on this cwy of distress with scorn—  
Distress! why it nevah has bothawed me!  
Widiculous "wot!" 'Tis a plan to feed  
A numbah of ndolent wognes, I'm sure.  
Talk of the pangs of the poor, indeed?  
I'll nevah believe there are any poor!

JINGO JOURNALS (again):—

We have read with the greatest amount of glee,  
Lord Donothing's letter on this affair.  
And here we desire to observe that we  
Concur with his Lordship's ideas—so there!  
What! talk about poverty-haunted nooks,  
In a nation where Beaconsfield rules—oh, yes?  
That narrative may do for story-books,  
But don't tell such things to the Premier's Press.

OURSELVES:—

There was One who remarked, years ago, recollect,  
"Whatever ye've done for the least of these  
Ye've done unto Me!" (or to that effect)—  
Read the passage, ye owners of pedigrees!

All honour to you, who have helped the poor;  
You know there is One who your work will bless.  
Go on in the cause, your reward is sure,  
Notwithstanding the "nobs" and the Jingo Press!

## A MODERN MIRACLE.

VICTORIA C. WOODHALL, the American advocate of Free Love and the like, must be coming to Manchester again, else why has she sent me a pamphlet containing her life, and entitled "Paradise Found?" If one is to believe all that is said in the pamphlet, Victoria is one of the greatest and best women that ever trod this earth. Here is one short extract:—"One day, during the severe illness of her son, she left him to visit her parents, and, on her return, was startled with the news that the boy had died two hours before. 'No!' she exclaimed, 'I will not permit his death.' And with frantic energy she stripped her bosom naked, caught up his lifeless form, pressed it to her own, and sitting thus, flesh to flesh, glided insensibly into a trance, in which she remained seven hours, at the end of which time she awoke; a perspiration started from his clammy skin, and the child that had been thought dead was brought back again to life—and lives to this day."

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## BEACONSFIELD'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

RING the alarm bell—cheeks are burning  
With the blush of honest shame,  
Eyes are flashing indignation,  
Europe rings with England's name.

Laughing Europe doles out pity,  
That we, who bullied all the world,  
By so contemptible a foe  
Into the very dust are hurled!

Loud the music-halls have echoed—  
"We've got the men and money too;  
We can march to certain victory,  
And shew the world what we can do!"

Alas! we had both men and money,  
And with the money purchased stores,  
And with the stores the men we furnished  
And shipped them off to Zulu wars.

What matter if those men were slaughtered?  
What matter if those stores were lost?  
What matter if our flag is humbled?  
The name of England's still a host.

What matter if the Russians scorn us,  
If Tentons laugh and Gauls condole?  
We'll play our game of Tory muddle,  
Though startled England writhe and growl.

Then, Tories, come to vote more money—  
Liberals, you need not come;  
You know you're dreadfully outnumbered,  
You'd better, therefore, stay at home.

## CAWS OF THE WEEK.

NOT many weeks ago, we generously devoted a portion of our space to the benefit of the Rev. T. N. Farthing, the esteemed Rector of Mossley. Mr. Farthing is a most worthy, as well as a most liberal-minded, gentleman. Speaking at the great meeting of the Northern Church Defence Association, on Monday, he said that if Dissenters would accept from Churchmen, as a matter of courtesy, an admission of a friendly character to the churchyards, he for one should not hesitate to allow his kindly neighbour, the Wesleyan minister, to stand on his freehold and say whatever he liked, so far as he did not touch the services of the Church. He should even be prepared to stand by his side when he said it, and he did not think that any change in the law was necessary to enable him to give this admission, believing that he had the legal right to do so already. Mr. Farthing, we thank you!

To record the doings of a successful amateur dramatic society notable for its benevolent intentions must always be a pleasant task. For the benefit of the Warehousemen and Clerks' Schools, two performances of *The Heir-at-Law* and *My Turn Next* are announced to be given in the Lecture Hall of the Athenæum, to-night and to-morrow (Saturday) by members of the Athenæum Dramatic Society, who have kindly placed their services at the disposal of the Executive Committee of the Schools. The object is a most excellent one, and we hope the audiences will be large.

A PORT ELIZABETH paper deplores the sad fate of the residents at that place in the following terms:—"We were first overrun with flights of moths; then of caterpillars, and now of hard-shell beetles. They appear everywhere. Walk where you will out of town, and you become aware of their presence by the crashing of something hard under your foot. Only a few evenings ago we saw one drop between the leaves of a programme at a concert and ball at the Town Hall."

A YOUNG man had been giving his views about everything to everybody for an unendurable half-hour, when an old man said, with nice courtesy, "I beg your pardon, sir; but if you begin teaching everybody at eighteen, when do you intend to begin learning anything?"

"JOHN, did you take the note to Mr. Jones?" "Yes; but I don't think he can read it." "Why so, John?" "Because he is blind, sir. While I was in the room he axed me twice where my hat was; and it was on my head all the time."

It is related of the candidate for Governor on the Greenback ticket in Kansas that he was recently making a political speech in which he advocated an exclusive paper currency, and derided gold and silver as "twain relics of barbarism." A few nights after he was preaching at a camp meeting, and described the celestial city as set forth in Revelations—its gates of silver and precious stones, and streets paved with gold—when an unregenerated darkey shouted out—"Stop dar, brudder! No gold and silver in dat place; dey's twain relics of barbarism!"

"Now, children," said a Sunday-school superintendent, who had been talking to his scholars about good people and bad people, "when I'm walking in the street, I speak to some persons I meet, and I don't speak to others; and what's the reason?" He expected the reply would be "Because some are good and others are bad;" but, to his discomfiture, the general shout was, "Because some are rich and others are poor."

A DRUNKEN patient in a Cleveland hospital came to himself the other day to find that there had been a lapse of seven weeks from his conscious life, during which he had crossed the Atlantic and found his way to his old home in Cleveland while stupidly and senselessly drunk.

SOME confusion was excited in a wedding assembly at Upper Marlborough, Md., the other day, by the archbishop forbidding the marriage just as the young couple stood before the priest to be made twain. They are second cousins, belonging to the best families of the place, and the Catholic Church does not countenance such unions. They will appeal to the Pope.

A CINCINNATI darkey, on presenting himself at the desk of the marriage license clerk in the probate court the other day, could not recollect the name of his intended bride, and had to go off in search of it. He came back in about half an hour with the name and family escutcheon, and the license was duly issued.

CAPITAL punishment has been inaugurated in Alaska by the execution of John Boyd for the murder of Thomas O'Brien in a bar-room fight at Fort Wrangel. Almost the entire population of the fort and 800 Indians turned out to witness this new wonder of modern civilisation.

A CURIOUS case is in litigation in St. Louis, in which the complainants—a benevolent society composed of Hebrew women—seek to recover from the synagogue a Saipher Tora, or holy scroll (the five books of Moses on parchment) which they claim belongs to them, and whose claim the synagogue disputes.

TEN years ago Cass County, Iowa, was an unimproved prairie, and the county seat, Atlantic, had neither a local habitation nor a name. Now a corn-crib, holding 60,000 bushels, has been built at Atlantic, connected with an elevator; there are 160,000 bushels of corn in store, and it is coming in at the rate of 10,000 bushels a day.

At the Land Conference held at Dublin the other day, Mr. Biggar, M.P., perpetrated the following Irish bull:—"That 'he thought that their primary duty should be to ask what was reasonable and fair, and accept as much less as they possibly could.'"

"He took two drops of thought, and beat them into a bushel of bubbles," was the description given of a speaker whose rhetoric ran ahead of his logic. Rowland Hill said of some in his day that "they had a river of words, and only a spoonful of thought."

GARRICK and Rigby, walking together in Norfolk, observed upon a board at a house by the roadside, the following strange inscription:—"A goes kooored hear." "Heavenly powers!" said Rigby, "how is it possible that such people as these can cure agues?" "I do not know," replied Garrick, "what their prescription is, but I am certain it is not by a spell."

A CERTAIN Scotch lord, being at Aix-la-Chapelle, wished not to be known, and desired his negro servant, in case he should be asked about him, to say that his master was a Frenchman. The negro was in fact asked, and naively answered, "My master is a Frenchman, and so am I."

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, 51, Spear Street, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of manuscripts sent to us.

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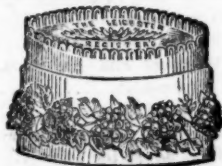
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